A POWER COMIC

INSIDE: TEN BICYCLES TO BE WON FREE!

SMASH!

No. 77
22nd JULY 1967
EVERY MONDAY
7d

AUSTRALIA 10c. EAST AFRICA 1.00 WEST AFRICA 10c. SOUTH AFRICA 8c. RHODESIA 1/- NEW ZEALAND 1/- (10c.)

BATMAN

With ROBIN THE BOY WONDER

THIS IS A *FINE* PLACE FOR A CONCERT VIOLINIST, I *MUST* SAY!

BUT UNLESS WE GET YOUR FILCHED FIDDLE BACK FROM "THE COLLECTOR" — YOU CAN'T *PLAY!*

ONLY FOUR FLOORS TO GO, MR. BENNY!

TURN THE PAPER TO THE RIGHT AND YOU'LL SEE THAT JACK BENNY, BATMAN AND ROBIN ARE CLIMBING FIFTEEN FLOORS TO RECOVER JACK'S STOLEN FIDDLE FROM "THE COLLECTOR"—BUT WILL **THEY** COME OUT ON TOP?

WHILE ATOP THE BUILDING...

THE BLADE BUSTED ON THE *BATROPE*, BOSS!

DRAT! THEY JUST DON'T *MAKE* KNIVES THE WAY THEY *USED* TO!

MY ELECTRIC-EYE-COMPRESSED-AIR-MACHINE-GUN WILL TAKE CARE OF JACK BENNY AND HIS MEDDLING FRIENDS *QUICKLY*. AND *QUIETLY!*

AS SOON AS THEY CLIMB OVER THE PARAPET AND INTERRUPT THE *LIGHT-BEAM*--

CLICK!

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--THEY'LL BE *CUT DOWN BY A THOUSAND TINY DARTS!*

EXACTLY! AND EACH DART IS TIPPED WITH POISONOUS *CURARE!*

LOVELY! AND THEY'LL NEVER *SEE* IT BEHIND THAT *POTTED PLANT!*

OR WILL THEY? SEE OVER THE PAGE...

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A BROKEN KNIFE-BLADE! SOMEBODY TRIED TO CUT THE BATROPE!

NOTHING CAN CUT IT!

BUT IF IT ;GULP!; HAD--WE'D HAVE FALLEN FIFTEEN FLOORS!

I TOLD YOU THIS WASN'T KID STUFF, MR. BENNY!

AND AWAITING THEM JUST OVER THE TOP OF THE PARAPET IS "THE COLLECTOR'S" ELECTRIC-EYE-COMPRESSED-AIR-MACHINE-GUN -- LETHALLY LOADED WITH POISON DARTS!

LET'S CLIMB IN AND GET MY STOLEN STRADIVARIUS BACK!

CAUTION, MR. BENNY! IT ALL SEEMS TOO EASY!

BOB KANE

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EASY?!? WE CLIMB FIFTEEN STOREYS STRAIGHT UP THE SIDE OF A BUILDING--AND YOU CALL THAT EASY?!?

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"THE COLLECTOR" MUST HAVE SOME SORT OF DEATH-TRAP WAITING FOR US!

DO YOU HEAR A SORT OF HISSING SOUND, BATMAN?

IT SOUNDS LIKE ESCAPING AIR!

THE HISSING SOUND COMES FROM BEHIND THAT POTTED PLANT!

IT IS ESCAPING AIR, MR. BENNY--

--AND UNLESS I MISS MY GUESS IT'S AN ELECTRIC-EYE-COMPRESSED-AIR-MACHINE-GUN!

KEEP YOUR HEADS DOWN WHILE I RAISE THE BATARANG INTO THE LINE OF FIRE!

BATMAN BREAKS THE ELECTRONIC BEAM WITH THE UPHELD BATARANG...

PHT! PHT! PHT! PHT!

...THUS ACTIVATING THE DEADLY ELECTRIC-EYE-COMPRESSED-AIR-MACHINE-GUN...

...WHOSE LETHAL POISON-TIPPED DARTS SPEND THEMSELVES HARMLESSLY ON THE DECOY!

ALL RIGHT, MR. BENNY! NOW WE CAN GO IN AND COLLECT "THE COLLECTOR!"

SOMEHOW I THINK HE DOESN'T LIKE US!

NEXT WEEK... THE COLLECTOR'S PIECE—ER—PEACE IS BROKEN!

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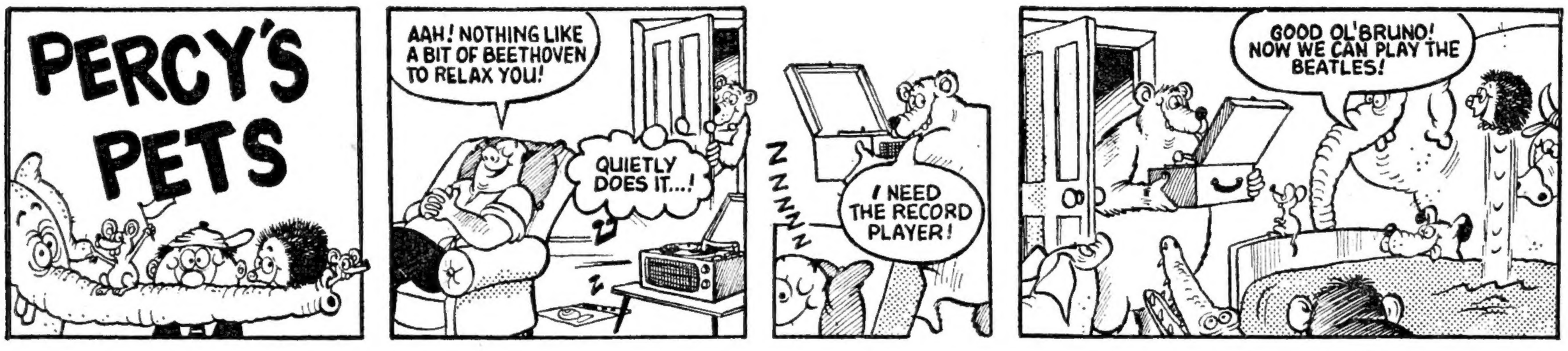

PERCY'S PETS
AAH! NOTHING LIKE A BIT OF BEETHOVEN TO RELAX YOU!
QUIETLY DOES IT...!
ZZZZZ
I NEED THE RECORD PLAYER!
GOOD OL' BRUNO! NOW WE CAN PLAY THE BEATLES!
YIPPEE! NOTHING LIKE THE HOT POTATO TO KEEP YOU REAL COOL!
DOWNSTAIRS...
WAAAGH! WHAT'S HAPPENING? WHERE'S THE RECORD PLAYER?
G-GULP! I BET BRUNO'S THE CULPRIT—HE'S ALWAYS TRYING OUT SOME DANCE OR OTHER—HE'S POP MAD!
AND SO...
GGGRRRR! MY RECORD PLAYER!
CRASH!
OH! NO!
BAH! IT'S ALL YOUR FAULT! IF YOU DIDN'T HAVE ALL THESE PETS...!
WHAM!
OUCH! STOP! IT'S UNFAIR!
I ALWAYS GET THE BLAME!
STING!
...AND NO MORE POCKET MONEY FOR YOU UNTIL I GET ANOTHER ONE!
GRRR! YOU GOT ME INTO THIS MESS— NOW YOU CAN GET ME OUT!
G-GULP!
AN HOUR LATER...
ROLL UP, SEE THE ONLY DANCING BEAR IN THE WORLD! HEE! HEE! I'LL SOON HAVE ENOUGH MONEY AT THIS RATE!
I'VE GOT TO KEEP DANCING— PERCY'S PUT TACKS ON THE GROUND! PUFF!

news from the floor of 64!

64, LONG ACRE LONDON W.C.2.

MEET TWENTY PROUD POWER PACK PEOPLE...

Andrew Gordon, Eastwood, Essex; Diana Sullivan, Chester, Cheshire; Mark Hudson, Enfield, Middx.; Ian Mearns, Inverness, Scotland; Simon Kirk, Crowthorne, Berks; Michael Welling, Bushey Heath, Herts; Eric Lane, Sherborne, Dorset; John Mills, Ballyfoyle, Ireland; S. MacDonald, West Ham; Philip Chalke, Stonehouse, Glos.; Neville Bussey, Herne Bay, Kent; Peter Haddow, Melbourne, Australia; Jeremy Redman, Winchester, Hants; Garry Layden, Stevenage, Herts; Eric Hindle, Bury, Lancs; Carol James, Ilford, Essex; Anthony Sweeney, Letchworth, Herts; S. Robinson, Manchester, Lancs; Philip Lazenby, Kings Lynn, Norfolk; James Harvey, Glasgow, Scotland.

QUESTIONS! Questions! Day after day, sackfulls of questions about our merry band of super-heroes (and some of the villains, too!). Questions like . . . Is it true Doc. Strange started out as a VILLAIN? (Turned out he *did*, in a very early Iron Man yarn). Why do we picture Odin in the Thor tales with two eyes when legend says he had only *one*? Where did Submariner get hold of those fancy ankle-wings? Why is The Hulk's skin green? And is it so that he was once one of The Avengers? Why don't the Torch's clothes burn when he flames on? And so on, and so on . . . !

We do try to answer them all, honest! You can take it from us that every spare hour we get (and those you can count on one finger) we spend trying to come up with the right answer. But don't get us wrong. We're not complaining! It's a lot of work but we LOVE it! Everyone wants to know about their friends, we understand that! It proves our battlin' boys are as real to you as they are to us! And, besides, those letters asking questions (as well as those giving your opinions on the Power Pack) are just the kind we like to publish. So, keep on wondering . . . and keep those questions rolling in!!

Still on the subject of 'pity us'!! They say in publishing (and we haven't yet found out who 'they' is) that: 'you can't please all the readers *all* the time'! Well, we try, we try! But of recent yore the editorial masterminds working in the POW cubby-hole have begun to wonder if 'they' isn't right! They've got NICK FURY trouble! Every time they feature a yarn showing Nick and his Howling Commandos battle-busting their way through World War Two, the fans who prefer their Fury in the more contemporary, eye-patch style, trouble-shooting for S.H.I.E.L.D., reach for pen, paper and acid. Shove in a Fury of SHIELD saga and . . . well, you get the picture! But that's our life! That's comic publishing! And you think YOU have troubles?

So many of you frantic ones have become avid COLLECTORS of Power papers that we feel we just ought to remind you. If you find you're missing some of our coveted copies to complete your collection stop shaking your fists at cruel fate and pen a letter to our Back Numbers Department, Odhams Press Ltd., 8-9 Long Acre, London W.C.2. The Back Number fellers are there to help you out!

BAD PENNY

AMMO

ONE PENNY 1967

LOOK WHAT I GOT FOR MY BIRTHDAY! BET YOU WISH YOU HAD ONE LIKE THIS, INSTEAD OF THAT OL' THING!

HUH! BUT YOURS DOESN'T TELL THE RIGHT TIME – IT'S FOUR O'CLOCK, NOT THREE LIKE YOURS SAYS!

DONG... DONG... DONG...

DON'T BE DAFT! MY MUM SET IT FOR ME – IT'S...

DONG!

...MAYBE IT *IS* – BUT YOU CAN'T PROVE IT – COS YOU DIDN'T **HEAR** IT!

WATCH

BAH! THAT ROTTEN CLOCK'S WRONG, TOO!

THERE! IT WON'T FOOL PEOPLE ANY LONGER!

WATCHMA

AH! P.C. PLONK WILL PROVE IT—! IF YOU WANT TO KNOW THE TIME, ASK A POLICEMAN, MY DAD SAYS THEY'RE ALWAYS GIVING PEOPLE TIME! *SNIGGER!*

THE TIME, PENNY?– CERTAINLY, IT'S FIVE PAST FOUR!

BAH! CALL YOURSELF A POLICEMAN— TELLING PEOPLE THE WRONG TIME! IT'S FIVE PAST *THREE!* GET YOURSELF A DECENT WATCH!

OH, NO!

BOING!

CRUNCH!

PHEW! I'VE GIVEN P.C. PLONK THE SLIP! LUCKY HE'S TOO *FAT* TO RUN! *HEY!* EVEN THE TOWN HALL CLOCK IS WRONG!

I'LL DO THE WHOLE TOWN A FAVOUR! THIS SHOULDN'T BE ALLOWED! IT'LL MAKE PEOPLE LATE FOR WORK AN' EVERYTHING!

BLAM!

THERE!

POING!

ERK!

HELP!

WATCH THIS– IT'S ABOUT ***TIME*** SOMEONE DID THIS!

I'M SECOND!

AND IT'LL BE MY TURN IN A ***TICK*** TO ***HAND*** IT TO HER!

LATER...

I'M NOT SURPRISED YOU'RE HOME EARLY, PENNY, I SET YOUR NEW WATCH AN HOUR SLOW WHEN I GAVE IT TO YOU!

BAH!

DAREDEVIL AND "The EVIL MENACE of ELECTRO!"

IN CASE YOU FORGOT...

THE BLIND LAWYER, MATT MURDOCK, REACHES THE TOWER FLOOR OF THE BAXTER BUILDING — HQ OF THE FANTASTIC FOUR. BUT SUDDENLY MATT'S SUPER-SHARP SENSES REACT TO A FEELING OF DANGER, AND HE INSTANTLY CHANGES INTO... *DAREDEVIL*, SECONDS BEFORE ELECTRO TOUCHES A VISOR-SWITCH...

THE AUTOMATIC RECEPTIONIST IS BUZZING! SOMEONE IS ENTERING! I'LL SEE WHO IT IS!

Reg. T.M. & © Marvel Comics Group. 1964

SLOWLY, AN IMAGE BEGINS TO FORM ON THE GLEAMING SCREEN...

AN IMAGE WHICH REVEALS...

DAREDEVIL! THE ONE WHO SMASHED MY AUTO THEFT GANG! WHAT A LUCKY BREAK FOR ME!

I DON'T KNOW WHY HE'S HERE... BUT HE'S GIVING ME A CHANCE TO GET MY *REVENGE* ON HIM FOR SPOILING MY LITTLE SIDE-LINE!

HE MOVES CAUTIOUSLY... AS THOUGH HE'S EXPECTING DANGER! BUT HE CAN'T *POSSIBLY* EXPECT WHAT'S GOING TO HAPPEN NEXT!

THE ELECTRICAL MACHINES OF MR FANTASTIC ARE AMONG THE MOST POWERFUL IN THE WORLD... AND ALL THE CONTROLS ARE AT *MY* FINGERTIPS!

AND WHAT'S MORE ... *ELECTRO* IS THE MASTER OF ELECTRICITY! *MY* POWER... PLUS THESE MACHINES, CAN ACCOMPLISH *ANYTHING*... AS DAREDEVIL WILL NOW LEARN!

AT THAT INSTANT, THE MASKED CRIME-FIGHTER'S UNCANNY HEARING DETECTS THE SOUND OF AN ELECTRICAL CHARGE BEING ACTIVATED... BUT BEFORE HE CAN ACT...

I HEAR A MIGHTY *DYNAMO* BEING CHARGED! IT MEANS THAT SOMEONE IS... UHH!!

I'M SURROUNDED BY A VIBRATING WALL OF ELECTRICAL ENERGY!! IT'S CLOSING IN ON ME... ABOUT TO ELECTROCUTE ME!!

BUT THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR IS NOT TO BE DEFEATED SO EASILY!!

MY CANE IS A NON-CONDUCTOR! I'LL HURL IT AT THE SOURCE!

GOOD! GOOD! HE IS A FOE WORTHY OF MY METTLE! HE SHORT-CIRCUITED THE CURRENT JUST IN TIME! BUT HE IS MERELY PROLONGING MY PLEASURE!

THEN, LIKE A CAT PLAYING WITH A MOUSE, ELECTRO HURLS BOLT AFTER BOLT OF LIVE CURRENT AT DAREDEVIL, CAUSING THE MASKED WONDER MAN TO EMPLOY HIS RAZOR SHARP SENSES TO THE FULLEST EXTENT!

CRACK!

CRASH!

CAN'T DODGE THESE BLASTS MUCH LONGER! I'VE GOT TO FIND THE *LIGHT SWITCH!*

THEN, AS THE SINISTER ARCH-VILLAIN PAUSES TO PREPARE FOR A NEW ATTACK, DAREDEVIL'S INCREDIBLE SENSE OF TOUCH FINDS WHAT HE'S AFTER!

I'VE *GOT* IT! JUST IN TIME!!

THERE! I'VE PLUNGED THE ROOM INTO *DARKNESS!* NOW THE ODDS ARE ON *MY* SIDE! *WAIT*... WHAT'S THIS I FEEL??

IT'S A DUMB-BELL OF SOME SORT! IT WILL MAKE A PERFECT WEAPON TO HURL AT MY UNSEEN ENEMY!

BUT, THEN DARE-DEVIL MAKES HIS FIRST SERIOUS BLUNDER! THE WEIGHT HE HOLDS BELONGS TO *THE THING*, BOLTED TO A SPRING CABLE BENEATH THE FLOOR WHICH EVEN DARE-DEVIL'S MIGHTY MUSCLES CANNOT BUDGE!

AND, IN THE FEW SECONDS THAT DAREDEVIL WASTES TRYING TO RAISE THE GIANT DUMB-BELL, ELECTRO ILLUMINATES THE ROOM WITH THE POWER OF HIS OWN NATURAL ELECTRICITY, AND STRIKES WITHOUT WARNING!

NOW I'VE GOT HIM!

UGHH!

THE HIGHLY-CHARGED BOLT WHICH STRIKES DAREDEVIL CAUSES A SHOCK REACTION ON THE PART OF THE SIGHT-LESS ADVENTURER WHICH STAGGERS HIM INTO A TEMPORARY HELPLESSNESS!

AND, BEFORE THE MASKED CRIME-FIGHTER CAN RECOVER HIMSELF, ELECTRO LASHES OUT IN A MERCILESS ATTACK!

SURELY YOU DON'T THINK *YOU* HAVE A CHANCE AGAINST THE ONE WHO ALMOST DEFEATED *SPIDER-MAN* HIMSELF!?

I WAS A FOOL TO RELAX MY GUARD... I... *OHHH!*

CRACK!

HE STRUCK HIS HEAD AGAINST THE GIANT DUMB-BELL! HE'LL BE UN-CONSCIOUS LONG ENOUGH FOR ME TO MAKE SURE HE CAN NEVER INTERFERE WITH ELECTRO AGAIN!

I MUST FIND A FITTING FATE FOR HIM... ONE WORTHY OF THE INGENUITY OF THE MASTER OF ELECTRICITY! HERE, AMONG THE MARVELLOUS POSSESSIONS OF THE FANTASTIC FOUR, I'M SURE TO FIND WHAT I WANT!

OF COURSE! HERE IT IS!! HOW PERFECT! HOW SIMPLE... AND HOW FOOL-PROOF! HERE IS THE WORLD-FAMOUS SKY-SCRAPER ROCKET LAUNCHER OF THE FF!!

ALL I NEED DO IS PUT THE HELP-LESS BODY OF DAREDEVIL ABOARD THE SHIP AND SEND IT FAR OUT INTO SPACE...ON AN ETERNAL ONE-WAY JOURNEY!! WHEN THE BEWILDERED FANTASTIC FOUR RETURN, THEY'LL THINK DAREDEVIL HAS STOLEN THEIR ROCKET!

THIS WILL ONLY BE THE FIRST OF MANY TRIUMPHS FOR ME! NOTHING THAT LIVES CAN DEFEAT A MAN WHO IS MASTER OF ELECTRICITY!

NOW THAT HE'S SAFELY ABOARD, I NEED ONLY SEAL THE HATCH AND SET THE MISSILE FOR ITS LAUNCH-ING! THANKS TO THE UNWITTING GENIUS OF REED RICHARDS, THE WORLD WILL NEVER AGAIN SET EYES ON THE ONE CALLED DAREDEVIL!

WHIRRR!

CLANK!

BUT THEN...

WHAT'S WRONG??! I'VE WORKED THE CONTROLS PERFECTLY, BUT NOTHING IS HAPPENING!! PERHAPS RICHARDS ISN'T THE GENIUS I THOUGHT HE WAS!

EVEN THE SHREWD, SLY ELECTRO DOES NOT SUSPECT THAT MR. FANTASTIC IS MORE BRILLIANT THAN HE THOUGHT! FOR, TO GUARD AGAINST THE VERY ACT ELECTRO IS TRYING TO COMMIT, REED RICHARDS' LAUNCHING DEVICE WILL ONLY RESPOND TO A HUMAN BEING HAVING THE SAME MOLECULAR BODY STRUCTURE AS ONE OF THE FANTASTIC FOUR!!

IT'S HOPELESS! I CAN'T GET IT TO RESPOND!

ANY OTHER ARCH-FOE WOULD HAVE BEEN HELPLESS TO ACTIVATE THE MIGHTY MISSILE, BUT ELECTRO IS DIFFERENT! FOR WITHIN HIS OWN BODY HE POSSESSES ENOUGH ELECTRICAL ENERGY TO FORCE THE LAUNCHING DEVICE TO OPERATE ... USING HIS OWN SUPER-NATURAL POWER AS THE CATALYST!

BAH! I DON'T NEED HIS LAUNCHER! I MYSELF CAN GENERATE ENOUGH POWER TO HURL THE MISSILE INTO SPACE!

CRACK!

TICK-TICK-TICK-

AND, A SPLIT-SECOND LATER...

ROAR-RRR!

FARE-WELL, FOREVER, DARE-DEVIL!!

SO QUICKLY IS THE ROCKET LAUNCHED... SO POWERFUL ARE THE MIGHTY JETS DESIGNED BY REED RICHARDS, THAT THE GLEAMING SLEEK SPACECRAFT REACHES THE EDGE OF EARTH'S ATMOSPHERE IN A MATTER OF SHEER SECONDS!!!

WHILE WITHIN ITS AIR-TIGHT HULL, THE MAGNIFICENTLY MUSCLED BODY OF DARE-DEVIL BEGINS TO STIR, AS CONSCIOUSNESS SLOWLY RETURNS...

UNTIL... ELECTRO KNOCKED ME OUT! MY HANDS ARE TIED! I'VE GOT TO THINK...FIND A WAY TO ESCAPE! WHEREVER I AM, I'M ALONE! I HEAR NO OTHER HEARTBEATS...NO SOUND OF BREATHING!

FIRST, I MUST UNTIE MY HANDS! IT'S AN ***EASY*** MATTER FOR ONE WHOSE SENSE OF TOUCH IS SO KEEN THAT HE CAN FEEL EACH AND EVERY STRESS POINT OF THE KNOTTED CORD, AND LOOSEN THEM BY TENSING AND UN-TENSING THE PROPER MUSCLES TO THE NECESSARY DEGREE!*

*NOTE: IT IS BELIEVED THAT THE GREAT MAGICIAN HARRY HOUDINI MAY HAVE USED THIS METHOD FOR HIS FAMOUS ESCAPE ACT... EDITOR.

ONCE FREE OF HIS BONDS, THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR SOON REALIZES HIS DESPERATE PERIL!

THOSE HUMMING ROCKET ENGINES...THIS SENSATION OF LESSENING GRAVITY... MEAN ONLY ONE THING!!

ELECTRO HAS SHUT ME IN THE F.F.'S SPACE MISSILE AND LAUNCHED IT TOWARDS THE STARS!!

BUT MR. FANTASTIC ORIGINALLY DESIGNED THIS AS A ***MANNED*** ROCKET... SO IT MUST HAVE A CONTROL ROOM, WITH OPERATIONAL CONTROLS! IF I CAN WORK THEM IN TIME...!

IMAGINE A BLIND MAN OPERATING A SPACE SHIP!! NOT AS IMPOSSIBLE AS IT SEEMS IF THAT MAN CAN HEAR THE LEVERS MOVE, ***FEEL*** THE POWER NEEDED, ***SENSE*** THE DIRECTION OF FLIGHT!!

I'VE ***DONE*** IT! I'VE REVERSED THE MISSILE'S COURSE!!

CLICK! CLICK!

AND THEN, THE MOST INCREDIBLE TASK OF ALL BEGINS...THE TASK OF ***LANDING*** THE POWERFUL SPACESHIP BACK ON EARTH WITHOUT INJURING ANY HAPLESS HUMANS!

BY HEARING THE SLIGHT MOVEMENT OF THE ASTRO-COMPASS, I CAN GAUGE MY DIRECTION PERFECTLY! AND BY ***FEELING*** THE ACTION OF THE RADARSCOPE I CAN PINPOINT MY LANDING! I'LL BRING THE SHIP DOWN IN THE MIDDLE OF ***CENTRAL PARK*** IN NEW YORK, FINDING AN OPEN SPOT WHERE I HEAR NO HUMAN HEARTBEATS!

ONLY A MAN WITH SUPER-SENSES COULD HAVE DONE IT! BUT, SUCH A MAN IS ***DAREDEVIL!!*** THEN, MOMENTS LATER...

VOICES GATHERING! HEARTBEATS INCREASING! A ***CROWD*** IS FORMING!

DON'T MOVE, MISTER! WE'VE GOT ***LAWS*** AGAINST ENDANGERING PEOPLE AND PROPERTY, THAT WAY!

I'VE GOT TO MOVE FAST! CAN'T LET THEM BOOK ME! THEY'LL TRY TO LEARN MY REAL IDENTITY!

HEARING THE SOFT WHINNY OF A HORSE NEARBY, THE COSTUMED CHAMPION MOVES LIKE A FLASHING STREAK, LEAPING UPON ITS BACK WITH PERFECT COORDINATION!

IF I CAN LOOSE THIS HORSE FROM THE HANSOM CAB BEHIND IT, IT'LL BE MY BEST METHOD OF ESCAPE!

STOP!!

BY STRIKING THE HARNESS WITH JUST THE RIGHT AMOUNT OF PRESSURE, I CAN USE MY CANE WEAPON LIKE A ***KARATE*** BLOW, SEVERING THE LEATHER STRAPS!

AND NOW, A PROPERLY GUIDED HORSE CAN GO WHERE A PURSUING CAR ***CAN'T*** GO... NAMELY, RIGHT ***OVER*** THE MANY OTHER CARS PARKED NEARBY!!

IT'S EASY FOR ME TO DIRECT MY MOUNT OVER THE TRAFFIC, FOR THE SOUND OF EACH CAR'S ENGINE IS LIKE A BEACON TO ME... AND THE ODOUR OF THE PETROL, MAGNIFIED MANY TIMES BY MY SUPER SENSE OF SMELL, IS UNMISTAKABLE!

BUT, AS THE GALLOPING BEAST TURNS THE CORNER BELOW THE SOARING BAXTER BUILDING...

I HEAR A FLAG RUSTLING IN THE BREEZE ABOVE ME! I'LL SWING TO THE SECOND FLOOR AND REGAIN MY MATT MURDOCK CLOTHES WHERE I LEFT THEM BEFORE ANYONE CAN PICK UP MY TRAIL!

MINUTES LATER, THE HANDSOME FIGURE OF MATT MURDOCK SEEMS TO BLEND IN WITH THE PASSING CROWD, UNTIL A LOVELY VOICE, BELONGING TO AN EQUALLY LOVELY GIRL, CRIES OUT...

MR. MURDOCK! IT'S KAREN! MR. MURDOCK... DON'T YOU *HEAR* ME??

KAREN PAGE! MY SECRETARY! CAN'T STOP NOW.. MUSTN'T GIVE ELECTRO A CHANCE TO ESCAPE!

I *KNOW* HE HEARD ME, BUT HE DELIBERATELY IGNORED ME! COULD I HAVE OFFENDED HIM WHEN I MENTIONED THAT OPERATION BEFORE??

HOW STARTLED KAREN PAGE WOULD BE IF SHE KNEW THE *REAL* REASON THAT MATT MURDOCK RUSHED PAST HER!!

THERE IS NO WAY I CAN RETURN TO THE F.F. HEADQUARTERS WITHOUT ELECTRO BEING WARNED BY MR. FANTASTIC'S MANY SECRET ALARMS! OR, *IS* THERE??

HELIPORT NEW YORK HELIPORT

TAKING THE ELEVATOR TO THE ROOF OF THE *HELIPORT* BUILDING, MATT QUICKLY CHANGES TO *DAREDEVIL* ONCE AGAIN, AND THEN...

THE ONLY WAY TO ATTACK ELECTRO SUDDENLY, WITHOUT WARNING, IS TO DROP DOWN ON HIM FROM ABOVE! IT'S ONE CHANCE IN A MILLION, BUT I'VE *GOT* TO TAKE IT!!

FROM THE SOUND OF THE MOTOR, I CAN TELL THAT THE SIGHTSEEING HELICOPTER IS ABOUT TO TAKE OFF! IT'S DIRECTLY AHEAD! I'VE GOT TO REACH IT IN TIME!

HELICOPTER SIGH

CAN'T AFFORD TO WAIT FOR THE NEXT ONE! ELECTRO WON'T REMAIN ATOP THE BAXTER BUILDING FOREVER! IN FACT, I HOPE I'M NOT TOO LATE EVEN NOW!

AND THEN, ONE OF THE MOST DARING FEATS EVER RECORDED IS WITNESSED BY THE FEW STARTLED ONLOOKERS ATOP THE N.Y. HELIPORT! BEFORE THEIR EYES THEY SEE A COLOURFUL, WELL-MUSCLED FIGURE IN A DRAMATIC COSTUME LEAP INTO THE AIR, CATCHING ONTO THE UNDERSIDE OF THE DEPARTING HELICOPTER BY A CANE HANDLE!

MADE IT!!

BUT, HOW MUCH *GREATER* WOULD THEIR SHOCK AND SURPRISE BE, IF THEY COULD BUT SUSPECT THAT THE INCREDIBLE FEAT THEY ARE WITNESSING IS PERFORMED BY... A *BLIND MAN!!*

NEXT WEEK'S CHAPTER IS FULL OF SHOCKS AND SURPRISES — YOU DAREN'T MISS DAREDEVIL!

BABY SMASHER

Now then — I musn't forget my road drill — Look right... look left...

Look right again, if it's safe — cross...

Safely to the other side!

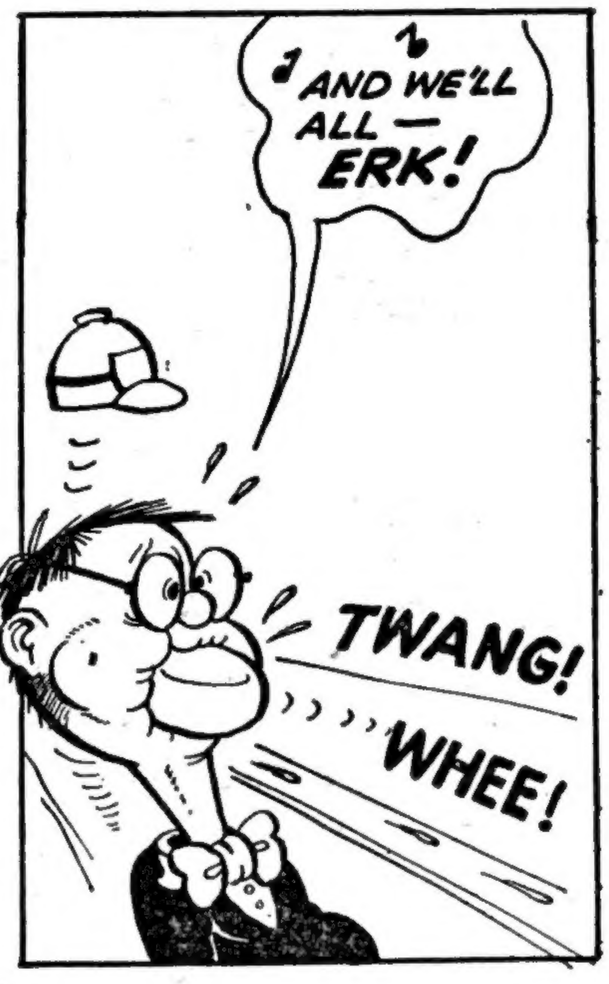
EEYOW! How about a *pavement* drill?

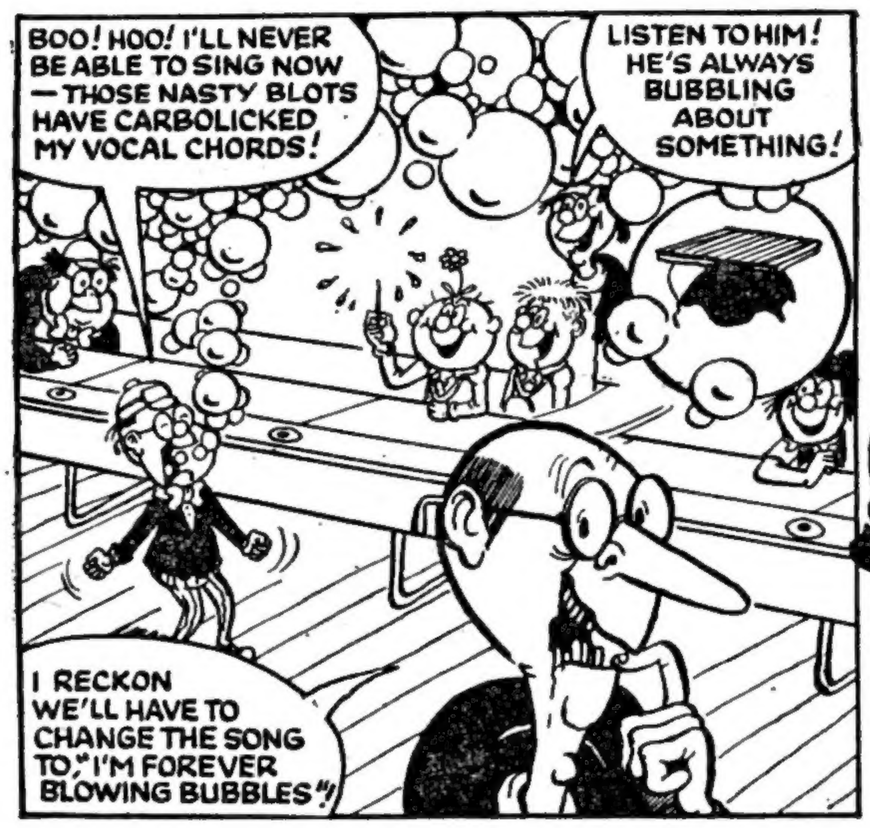
Uck! Uck! Uck!

BONK!

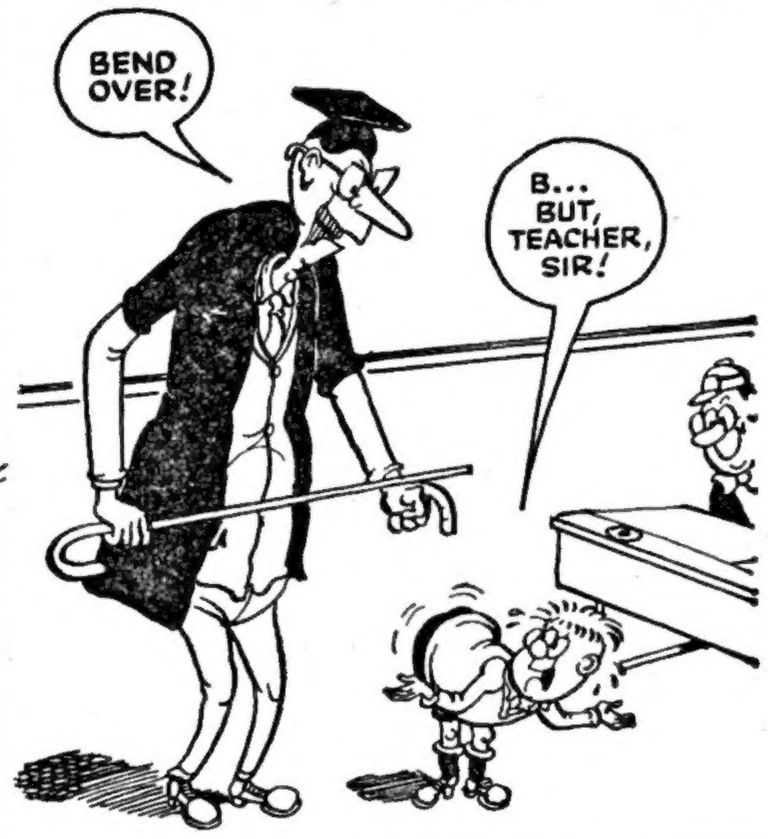
The SWOTS and the BLOTS

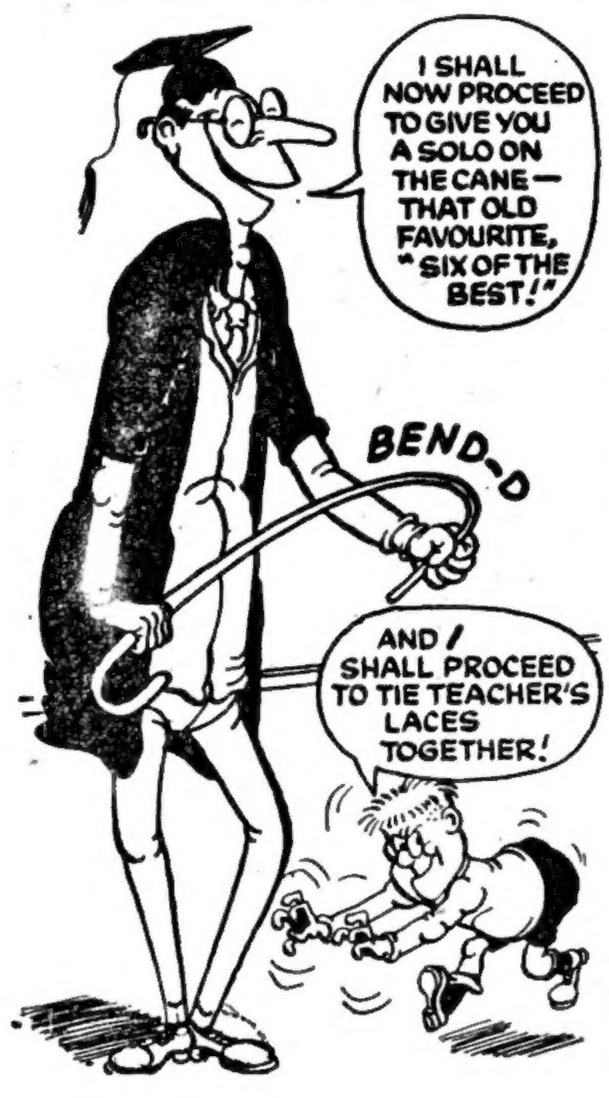
CYRIL WILL BE SINGING SOLO AT THE SCHOOL CHORAL CONCERT TODAY—HE HAS A LOVELY VOICE—LET'S PRACTISE SHALL WE?
COR! I'D RATHER LISTEN TO OUR CAT WITH THE TOOTHACHE!
LOVING PAT

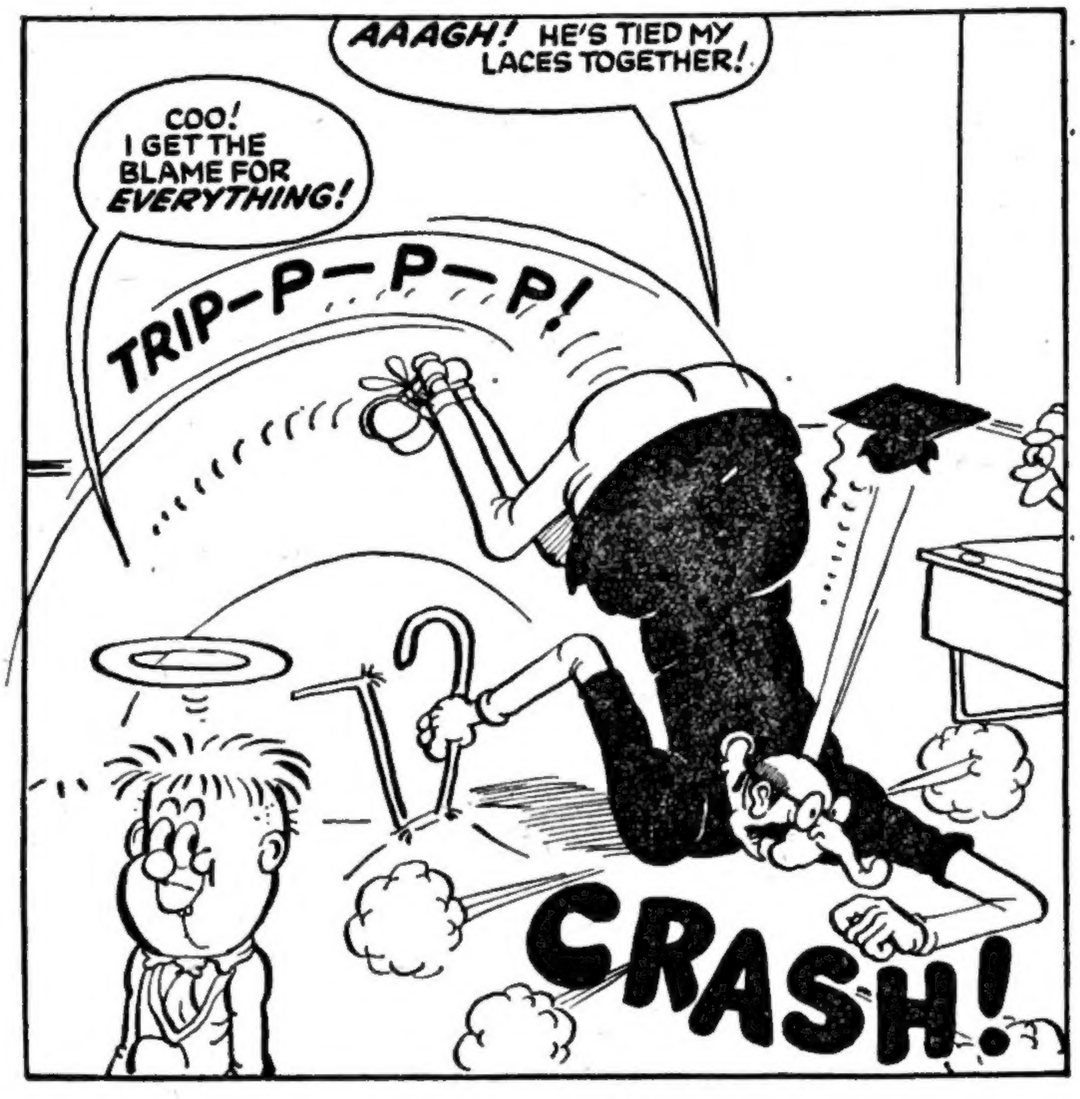



BOO! HOO! I'LL NEVER BE ABLE TO SING NOW—THOSE NASTY BLOTS HAVE CARBOLICKED MY VOCAL CHORDS!
LISTEN TO HIM! HE'S ALWAYS BUBBLING ABOUT SOMETHING!
I RECKON WE'LL HAVE TO CHANGE THE SONG TO, "I'M FOREVER BLOWING BUBBLES"!

BUT, FIRST, I'LL DEAL WITH THIS LITTLE MENACE!
WAA—AAH! I'M INNOCENT! I NEVER TOUCH SOAP!
PULL—L...
YOU'VE ONLY GOT TO LOOK AT HIS NECK TO KNOW THAT!




I SHALL NOW PROCEED TO GIVE YOU A SOLO ON THE CANE—THAT OLD FAVOURITE, "SIX OF THE BEST!"
BEND-D
AND I SHALL PROCEED TO TIE TEACHER'S LACES TOGETHER!



HELP! WHAT'S HAPPENING?

LIFT-T-T

THAT'LL KEEP HIM NICE AND COSY UNTIL DEAR SIR GET'S HIS LACES UNTIED!

AAGH! LET ME OUT! I'LL PULVERISE THEM!

PLOP-P-P

LEAVE IT TO US! —WE'LL GET YOU OUT!

TOO LATE, BOYS! FIRST COME— FIRST SERVED!

RASP!

GRR! FUME!

I THINK I'LL KEEP HIM IN THERE—IT'LL KEEP HIM OUT OF MISCHIEF! THOSE SWOTS ARE CLEVER LITTLE DEVILS!

ERR-R-R! FUME!

KNOT HOLE

GRRR! I BET IF I GAVE THAT CORK A GOOD THUMP IT WOULD GO FLYING!

NOW, CYRIL—MAYBE YOU CAN START AGAIN WITH YOUR SINGING!

IT'LL BE A PLEASURE, SIR!

BIFF!

THUMP!

THUMP!

YAHOO! I'VE DONE IT!

BIFF!

WHEEEE!

JOLLY BOATING WEATHER...

HO! HO! THAT'S PUT A CORK IN IT!

POOR CYRIL, SOB! SOB!

CRASH-H!

AARGH!

HEH! HEH! WE WON'T HAVE TO LISTEN TO HIS SINGING ANY MORE NOW!

SILENCE! BEEOOTIFUL SILENCE! SIGH!

GROAN! MOAN!

GRRR! YOU SCOUNDRELS!

I THINK BILLY WILL HAVE TO SING NOW— I SUSPECT HE'LL BE GETTING A DOCTOR'S BILL FROM CYRIL'S DAD!

M-ME? S-SING? ???

?

?

JOLLY BOATING WEATHER...

COO! IS BILLY *STILL* SINGING!

NO WONDER! BILLY'S RIGHT OUTSIDE TEACHER'S WINDOW...

WAIL!!?

SCREECH!!

HE'S WORSE THAN ME!

ONE SHOT TWERP TO SUPPOR

YOU WON'T GET A HA'PENNY OUT OF ME FOR THAT ABOMINABLE RACKET!

THE INCREDIBLE HULK!

"THE MISSILE AND The MONSTER!"

LIKE A BEAST AT BAY, THE RAMPAGING *HULK* FINDS HIMSELF ALONE IN THE CONCRETE CANYONS OF NEW YORK--HUNTED, HOUNDED--BESET BY A PANICKY POPULACE WHEREVER HE TURNS--!

IF HE GOT *THIS* FAR INTO THE CITY, THEN, *NOTHING* CAN STOP HIM!

EVERYBODY *YELLS.. RUNS..* WHY? *WHY??*

LOOK!! OVER *THERE---!* IT--IT'S THE *HULK! OHKHHH!*

THERE'S NO PLACE TO *RUN!* HE CAN SMASH HIS WAY-- INTO *ANYTHING!*

HE SHATTERED THAT *IRON STANCHION* WITHOUT EVEN *FEELING* IT!

SKR-R-R-K!

HULK! THIS IS THE *LAW!* GIVE YOURSELF UP-- DON'T MAKE ME *SHOOT!*

Reg. T.M. & © Marvel Comics Group. 1966

NOBODY SHOOTS THE *HULK!*

RUN! HE'S ABOUT TO *ATTACK--!*

NO! WE'RE ALMOST *BENEATH* HIS NOTICE!

HE'S *LEAPING AWAY--* BUT- THE *POWER--* THE *FORCE* OF HIS LEGS--HE-HE TOOK OFF LIKE A *MISSILE!*

THOOM!

AND, EVEN AS THE INCREDIBLE GREEN GIANT HURTLES OVER THE CITY--A WORRIED *RICK JONES* COMPLETES THE LAST LAP OF HIS FRANTIC DRIVE FROM CAPE KENNEDY---

THE HULK *NEEDS* ME! I'VE *GOTTA* REACH 'IM IN TIME!

THE *LINCOLN TUNNEL'S* JUST AHEAD! I'M ALMOST *THERE!*

I WAS *LUCKY* TO FIND SOME-ONE WHO WANTED ME TO DRIVE HIS CAR TO NEW YORK!

BUT I'D SURE LIKE TO KNOW WHY HE MADE SUCH A *BIG DEAL* OUT OF WARNING ME NOT TO OPEN THE *TRUNK!*

WHILE, BACK AT CAPE KENNEDY---

THAT FOOL BOY WILL BE REACHING HIS DESTINATION ANY *MINUTE* NOW!

I PLANNED TOO *CAREFULLY* FOR ANYTHING TO GO WRONG!

AFTER THE WAY I *WARNED* HIM, JONES WOULDN'T *DARE* TO OPEN THE CAR'S *TRUNK!*

SO I'D BETTER MAKE SURE THAT ALL IS IN *READINESS!*

CLICK!

NO ONE YET *SUSPECTS* WHAT'S BEHIND THIS INNOCENT-SEEMING *DOOR--!*

BUT, *ONE DAY* THE WORLD WILL *KNOW!*

AND, ON THAT DAY, IT WILL BE *TOO LATE* FOR THE GREATEST CITY ON EARTH TO SAVE ITSELF-- FROM INSTANT *ANNIHILATION!*

SO FAR, MY *TIMING* HAS BEEN *PERFECT!*

MY CAR WILL REACH NEW YORK EXACTLY AT *H-HOUR--*

--AT THE PRECISE MOMENT *GENERAL ROSS* GIVES THE ORDER TO LAUNCH THE *ORION MISSILE!*

LITTLE DOES JONES **DREAM** THAT MY SPECIAL **ULTRA-WAVE SCANNER,** CONCEALED BENEATH THE CAR'S FLOOR-BOARD, CAN MONITOR HIS EVERY MOVEMENT FROM AFAR!

I HAVE LEFT **NOTHING** TO CHANCE!

NOW, ALL I NEED DO IS WAIT FOR THE INSTANT WHEN THE **ORION MISSILE** BLASTS OFF!

AND THEN-- NOTHING ON EARTH WILL BE ABLE TO SAVE-- **NEW YORK!**

HOW CAN ONE MAN, HIDING OUT IN THE CAPE KENNEDY AREA, HOPE TO MENACE AMERICA'S GREATEST METROPOLIS? BEFORE **ANSWERING** THAT, LET'S VISIT THE SITE OF THE AMAZING **ORION MISSILE---**

READY FOR THE **COUNTDOWN,** GENERAL ROSS!

BLAMED WELL ABOUT **TIME,** MAJOR!

COME **ALONG,** TALBOT- YOU **TOO,** BETTY! WE'LL VIEW THE BLAST-OFF AT **OPERATIONS!**

WHY IS THE **ORION** MISSILE SO **IMPORTANT,** FATHER?

BECAUSE IT IS **ANTI-MISSILE-PROOF!** NO **OTHER** MISSILE CAN DESTROY IT ONCE IT'S IN FLIGHT!

IF THIS **TEST-LAUNCH** CHECKS OUT, IT WILL GIVE US THE GREATEST WEAPON OF **ALL!**

ATTEN-TION!!

YOU'RE JUST IN **TIME,** GENERAL! THE COUNT IS THIRTY SECONDS TILL LIFT-OFF!

OF **COURSE** I'M IN TIME! I'M **ALWAYS** ON TIME! THAT'S WHY I'M IN **CHARGE** OF THIS WHOLE BLASTED MISSION!

OL' THUNDER-BOLT'S AS PEPPERY AS EVER! THAT MEANS EVERY-THING'S A-OKAY!

FINALLY-- THE **SECRET EMPIRE** TRIED TO STOP US! THE **HULK** TRIED TO STOP US! **BOOMERANG** TRIED TO STOP US! BUT THERE SHE **GOES,** SIR! RIGHT ON SCHEDULE!

OH, DAD! IT'S SUCH AN **IMPRESSIVE** SIGHT!

I'LL **STILL** BREATHE EASIER WHEN IT LANDS IN MID-ATLANTIC!

IF ANYTHING SHOULD GO **WRONG**-- IF IT SHOULD SWERVE **OFF COURSE**-- **IT CAN'T BE DESTROYED!**

AND, THE **ORION** IS POWERFUL ENOUGH TO **LEVEL AN ENTIRE CITY!**

BUT, THERE'S **NOTHING** TO FEAR, SIR--

HER TRAJECTORY'S **PERFECT!** SHE'S RIGHT ON COURSE!

BUT HER FLIGHT WILL LAST FOR **SEVEN MINUTES!**

THAT'S WHY WE'RE TESTING HER OVER THE **OCEAN... FOR SAFETY!**

WHILE, A THOUSAND MILES TO THE NORTH, WE FIND---

WHEREVER HULK GOES--MEN **ATTACK!!** BUT, HULK IS **THROUGH** RUNNING! HULK IS AFRAID OF **NOTHING!!**

THERE HE IS-- ATOP THAT **ROOF!**

NOTHING CAN HURT ME!! I'M THE **HULK!** I'M THE **HULK!!**

CLEAR THE STREETS!!

GET YOUR **BARRICADES** UP! GET THOSE **CROWDS** BACK!

SOMEHOW I CAN'T HELP FEELIN' **SORRY** FOR HIM!

HE'S SO **ALONE**-- ALWAYS SO **OUT-NUMBERED!**

BUT DON'T EVER SAY HE HASN'T A **CHANCE!** NOT THE **HULK!**

WHY DOESN'T HE **GIVE UP?** HE HASN'T A **CHANCE** AGAINST THAT **PLANE!**

HE'S JUST **STANDING** THERE--AS THOUGH **DARING** ME TO ATTACK HIM!

WELL, HE'LL BE **GETTING** HIS WISH!

I DON'T **WANNA** DO IT-- BUT THE CITY'S IN **PANIC**-- AND I'VE GOT MY **ORDERS!**

HE'S GETTING SET TO **LEAP**-- TO MEET ME **HEAD-ON!**

PHOOM!

I'VE NO **CHOICE**-- ONLY A **ROCKET VOLLEY** WILL **STOP** HIM!

HE-HE'S AS STRONG AS THEY **SAY!** THE SHELLS ARE **BOUNCING OFF** HIM!

ALL THEY DID WAS MAKE HIM *LOSE HIS FOOTING!!* BUT MAYBE THAT'S *ENOUGH!*

KRAK!

HE'S *FALLING*-- TOPPLING FROM THE *ROOF!!*

HE'S GONNA *HIT!!* GET *BACK! BACK!!*

HE'S *DONE FOR!*

NEVER THOUGHT IT COULD HAPPEN-- SO *FAST--!*

BY-OOM!

EVEN THOUGH HE WAS A MENACE TO PUBLIC SAFETY, I CAN'T HELP BUT FEEL--*LOOK!!* HE-HE'S *MOVING!!*

IT ISN'T *POSSIBLE!!* AFTER A FALL LIKE *THAT--*

HE'S STILL *ALIVE!!*

UNNHHHH--

IF HE COULD SURVIVE *THAT--* THEN, HOW CAN *ANYTHING* STOP HIM???

MEN WON'T LET HULK *LIVE!* EVERYONE-- EVERYWHERE-- HULK'S *ENEMY!*

CAN'T *TAKE* ANY MORE!! NOW-- *HULK STRIKES BACK!!*

LOOK OUT! HE'S LIFTING THAT CAR LIKE A *TOY! RUN--!*

HE'S LIKE A LIVING *BULLDOZER!* HE CAN DO *ANYTHING!*

HULK CAN *ALSO* FIGHT-- ALSO *SMASH--!*

SIRENS! THE *RIOT SQUAD* IS COMING!

BUT THEY WON'T BE IN *TIME!*

MORE MEN COME TO ATTACK HULK!

THEY WON'T GET *PAST!* I'LL *STOP* THEM! AS ONLY *HULK* CAN!

KTRAK!

DID YOU SEE *THAT?* IN *HIS* HANDS *ANYTHING* BECOMES A DEADLY WEAPON!

BUT HE *STILL* ISN'T A KILLER! DIDN'T YOU NOTICE HE PICKED TWO *EMPTY* CARS!

BUT THEN, FROM THE *OTHER* END OF THE STREET, A SPEEDING CAR SCREECHES TO A HALT---

I *FOUND* HIM!

IT'S A GOOD THING I HEARD THOSE *SIRENS!*

SIRENS COMING *CLOSER!* BUT HULK WILL *FIGHT! FIGHT!*

HULK! BEHIND YOU! OVER *HERE!* QUICK, TURN AROUND WHILE THERE'S STILL *TIME!*

IT'S *ME! RICK JONES!* YOU'VE GOTTA *REMEMBER* ME! I'M YOUR *FRIEND!*

YOU! YOU WANT TO HELP *HULK??*

GET IN-- FAST-- I CAN *STILL* DRIVE YOU TO *SAFETY! HURRY!*

YOU ARE THE *ONLY* ONE!

EVERYONE *ELSE*-- MY *ENEMY!*

THEY'RE *NOT* YOUR ENEMY--NOT *REALLY!* THEY JUST DON'T *UNDERSTAND!* IF ONLY THERE WAS SOME WAY TO MAKE THEM STOP TRYING TO *HARM* YOU...!

NOBODY CAN HARM ME! *NOTHING* CAN HARM ME! I'M THE *HULK!*

WHERE ARE YOU *GOING?* IF YOU *TRICK* ME, YOU *DIE!*

WON'T YOU *EVER* LEARN YOU CAN *TRUST* ME?? DON'T YOU REMEMBER HOW WE USED TO BE *FRIENDS?!*

ALL I WANT TO DO IS GET YOU *AWAY* FROM HERE--SAVE *YOU,* THE WAY YOU ONCE SAVED *ME!* *

* FOR THE BENEFIT OF OUR *NEWER* HULKOPHILES, DR. BRUCE BANNER FIRST TURNED INTO THE HULK AFTER BEING EXPOSED TO *GAMMA RAYS* WHILE RESCUING RICK!

MINUTES LATER, IN A LONELY, DESERTED SECTION OF THE SPRAWLING CITY---

YOU'LL *NEVER* BE SAFE--ANYWHERE-- WHILE YOU'RE THE *HULK!*

WE'VE GOTTA FIND A WAY TO CHANGE YOU BACK TO *DR. BANNER!*

BANNER! HE'S A *WEAKLING!* HE'S *HELPLESS!* THE HULK IS *STRONG*-- CAN DO *ANYTHING!* *NOBODY* CHANGES THE *HULK!*

IT'S HAPPENED *AGAIN!* WHENEVER HE'S THE *HULK,* HE THINKS THAT BRUCE BANNER IS SOMEONE *ELSE!* HE DOESN'T REALIZE THEY'RE BOTH THE SAME GUY!

CAN'T STAY HERE DOING *NOTHING!* ALL MY *STRENGTH*-- *POWER*-- MUST *USE* THEM! HULK MUST *FIGHT!*

BUT THE BROODING GREEN GIANT IS DESTINED TO HAVE THE GREATEST FIGHT OF HIS INCREDIBLE *LIFE* IN JUST A FEW SECONDS! AND ALL BECAUSE OF-- *THIS---!*

REACH, GORKI! WE TRACKED YOU DOWN *AT LAST!* YOU DIDN'T THINK A SPY LIKE *YOU* COULD STAY HIDDEN FROM ARMY INTELLIGENCE MUCH *LONGER,* DID YOU?

BAH! WHAT DOES IT *MATTER? MY* LIFE MEANS *NOTHING!* ONLY THE *MISSION* COUNTS!

AND YOU ARE *TOO LATE* TO STOP THE MISSION!

SLAM

TAKE YOUR HAND AWAY FROM THAT CONTROL PANEL, MISTER!

CERTAINLY! BUT NOT UNTIL I PRESS THIS ONE FATEFUL *BUTTON!*

EVEN A *GUNSHOT* WOULD BE TOO LATE TO STOP ME *NOW!*

I CAN'T SHOOT YOU IN COLD BLOOD-- BUT I *WARN* YOU--

TOO LATE! HE'S *PRESSING* IT!

CLICK!

IT'S DONE!

NOW, NOTHING ON *EARTH* CAN SAVE *NEW YORK CITY* FROM YOUR OWN *ORION MISSION!*

A THOUSAND MILES AWAY-- AT THAT EXACT SPLIT-SECOND--

CAR TRUNK-- *OPENING*-- BY *ITSELF!*

JUST AS THOUGH SOMETHING *SIGNALLED* IT-- BY *REMOTE CONTROL!*

LOOK! LOOK WHAT'S *INSIDE!*

I WAS WARNED NOT TO *OPEN* IT-- BUT I NEVER GUESSED-- WAIT! IT'S *MOVING*-- GETTING *BIGGER!*

IT-IT *TELESCOPED* OPEN--

ITS WEIGHT IS *BENDING* THE CAR AS IT STEPS OUT!

IT'S SOME KINDA GIANT METAL *ROBOT! HULK-- LOOK OUT!*

COMING TOWARD *HULK!* AT LAST-- SOMETHING TO *FIGHT--!*

CRUNCH!

NO! RUN! GET AWAY--! IT'S TOO BIG-- TOO DANGEROUS!

IT'S CRACKLING WITH *ELECTRONIC ENERGY!* WE DON'T KNOW ITS *POWER*-- OR ITS *PURPOSE!*

IT-IT'S UNLEASHING SOME KINDA *BOLT!* IT'S COMING RIGHT *AT* US!

THEN, BEFORE THE HULK CAN MAKE A MOVE, THE FANTASTIC BOLT *STRIKES...*

NEXT, THE TOWERING ELECTRONIC APPARITION *TURNS*-- EMOTIONLESSLY PERFORMING THE *FATEFUL TASK* IT WAS PROGRAMMED TO DO--!

ZZZZZZ

MACHINE-- TRIED TO KILL-- HULK!

HE'S SHOOTING A *BEAM* OF SOME SORT --INTO THE *SKY!* BUT --*WHY??*

BUT, THE *HULK* CARES NOTHING FOR REASONS WHY--

ZZZZ

-- HE ONLY KNOWS THAT HE HAS BEEN *ATTACKED*-- AND WHATEVER ATTACKS THE *HULK*-- MUST BE *DESTROYED!*

HULK! LOOK OUT! HE'S LETTING GO WITH ANOTHER BLAST!

THIS TIME-- HULK IS *READY!*

PHLAM!

NOTHING CAN HURT HULK *TWICE!*

YOU'RE NOTHING BUT-- A *MACHINE!* NO MACHINE CAN BEAT-- THE *HULK!*

KRAM!

NOTHING--IS AS STRONG--AS THE *HULK!*

HULK--WAIT! DON'T *DESTROY* IT YET!

NOT UNTIL WE LEARN ITS *PURPOSE*--FIND OUT *WHY* IT FIRED THAT BLAST INTO THE *SKY--!*

NO! DON'T--!

BUT, WHEN EARTH'S MIGHTIEST MORTAL IS FILLED WITH EXPLOSIVE, SEETHING *RAGE*, NO MERE WORDS--NO POWER EXTANT--CAN *STOP* HIM--!

MACHINE WILL NEVER--ATTACK HULK--*AGAIN!!*

KLOK!

HOWEVER, ALTHOUGH HE DOESN'T YET *REALIZE* IT, THE HULK HAS STRUCK *TOO LATE*...FOR THE DIABOLICAL ROBOT HAS ALREADY *SERVED* ITS DEADLY PURPOSE!

MISSION CONTROL! MISSION CONTROL! MAYDAY! MAYDAY!!

SOMETHING'S *HAPPENED* TO THE *ORION!* LOOK--ON THE *RADAR* SCREEN--!

IT'S AS THOUGH IT RECEIVED A SUDDEN SIGNAL FROM *ELSEWHERE*--MAKING IT *CHANGE DIRECTION!*

IT'S ZEROED IN ON *NEW YORK!* AND THERE'S NO WAY WE CAN *STOP* IT!

CONTACT THE *PENTAGON*--THE *FANTASTIC FOUR*--THE *AVENGERS*--*ANYBODY!* THE *ORION* MUST BE *STOPPED!*

TOO LATE! ONLY SECONDS LEFT! IT'S HOPELESS!

YES, THE MURDEROUS *GORKI'S* ROBOT HAS DONE ITS JOB WITH FRIGHTFUL PRECISION! AND NOW, THE ONLY POWER ON EARTH THAT CAN SAVE THE UNSUSPECTING CITY, IS--

--THE INCREDIBLE *HULK!*

LOOK! ABOVE US! IT'S SOME KIND OF *MISSILE!* IT'S HEADING RIGHT FOR THE HEART OF THE *CITY!*

MISSILE--??!

AND THEN, SOMEWHERE IN THAT BESTIAL, CLOUDED BRAIN--A DIM SPARK OF THE INTELLIGENCE THAT IS *BRUCE BANNER* SUDDENLY SHINES THROUGH---

ORION MISSILE!! COULD BLOW UP WHOLE CITY!

NO *WONDER* HE RECOGNIZES IT--IT WAS *DR. BANNER* HIMSELF WHO *DESIGNED* IT!

HE'S LEAPING *AFTER* IT! IT'S *MAN AGAINST MISSILE!*

WITHOUT REALLY KNOWING WHY--WITHOUT CONSCIOUS MOTIVATION--GUIDED BY AN INEXPLICABLE, INTUITIVE URGE, THE *HULK* SUCCESSFULLY COMPLETES THE MOST *VITAL* LEAP OF HIS ENTIRE LIFE--!

HAH! I CAUGHT MISSILE!

BUT THEN, HAVING REACHED HIS AWESOME OBJECTIVE, A *NEW* DEVELOPMENT OCCURS--

THE GAMMA-RAY-AFFECTED *BRAIN* OF THE GREEN TITAN SLOWLY *FORGETS* THE REASON FOR HIS LEAP...

WHAT AM I DOING HERE?

AND, WITH FORGETFULNESS, THE *RAGE* WITHIN HIS BREAST GRADUALLY *SUBSIDES*, UNTIL...

AS HIS PULSE RATE SLOWS--AS HIS BLOOD PRESSURE RETURNS TO NORMAL--THE MOST INCREDIBLE *TRANSFORMATION* IN RECORDED MEDICAL HISTORY OCCURS ONCE MORE--

I-I'M CHANGING--!

I'M BECOMING--BRUCE BANNER--!

BUT, WHAT CHANCE CAN WEAK, HELPLESS *BRUCE BANNER* HAVE--RIDING A ROCKETING *MISSILE*--ON A MISSION OF *DEATH?!!*

NEXT ISH:
TO BE
THE HULK
OR NOT TO BE!

MONEY FOR YOU! . . .

64 LONG ACRE,
LONDON W.C.2

WRITE TO SMASH AND WIN £1

Dear Alf and Cos,
The other Saturday, I was ill in bed. Then I heard a knock at the door. A few minutes later, my Mum came up to my room with a bundle of SMASHes from my friend. I don't know if the comics had anything to do with it, but on Monday I was back at school! I have SMASH every week now!

D. Cram,
Loughborough, Leics.

● *We've always said a dose of power is as good as a tonic—and you've proved us right! Glad to hear you're on your feet again, chum!*

Alf and Cos.

Dear Alf and Cos,
I've just had the most TERRIFIC idea! When a girl gets to my age, you know, she doesn't like to wear a Hulk T-shirt, although she loves the Hulk, so it's my idea that you make those big paper bags putting super Hulk pictures on the outside and sell them at SMASH newsagents. Everybody in my school seems to be getting those bags!

Vieve Forward,
Malmesbury, Wilts.

● *Why not go one* better *than that, Vieve? Open up your SMASH at the centre pages and tie a piece of string to a hole in each corner of the paper. Knot the four strings together at the top and you've got a real SMASH bag*—Hulk and all!

Alf and Cos.

Dear Alf and Cos,
In one of your comics (No. 68) you had ol' Greenskin v The Mighty Executioner. In the blurb on Picture One you said that the Executioner was an immortal of Asgard. (For those powerful fans who don't know what Asgard is, it's the home of the Norse Gods.) Thor, the God of Thunder, is also an immortal, so why wasn't he there fighting the menace of The Executioner? Well, I've had my say, see you in SMASH.

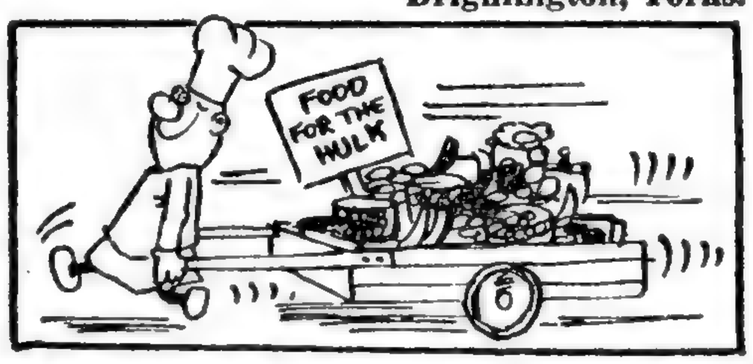
Robert Austin,
London, N.17.

● *A good question, Robert, but Thor was already busy having a dust-up with Radio-Active Man—besides, ol' Greenskin wasn't doing* too *badly on his own.*

Alf and Cos.

Dear Alf and Cos,
How is it that we never see the HULK eating anything? I'm sure even THAT great gargoyle can't last through 69 issues of SMASH without eating. In Ish 69 alone, Penny is eating sweets, Grimly is eating semolina, and even Charlie has a steak, even if he isn't eating it. But the HULK hasn't even a Jelly Baby!

Andrew Simpson,
Drighlington, Yorks.



● *The point is, Andy, that the Hulk's got such a large appetite that if we showed him eating all the time, there'd be no room left to show you what else he gets up to, and we're sure you'd rather see that!*

Alf and Cos.

Dear Alf and Cos,
I think that all Power Comics are fabulous—I get every one of them. Every Monday, I rush to the paper shop to get them. Last week I found that there was no SMASH in the newsagents. "Sorry, sold out," he said. So I went to six other newsagents and eventually got one, only to find that my little brother had got it for me as well! All that runnin' for nothin'! Phew!

Elsie Bather,
Rock Ferry, Chesh.

● *Okay, from now on save your money and your breath by simply telling your newsagent to save you SMASH every week! It's as easy as that!*

Alf and Cos.

* * * * *

Dear Alf and Cos,
In Charlie's Choice (Smash 68) you showed Richard III as a normal man. In fact, he had a hunch-back and a club foot. Don't you know your history?

Would you please put more pages of the Rubberman and have only one page of Batman?

Roger Newman,
Leamington Spa, Warwicks.

● *Go to the top of the class, Roger! You're dead right, of course, so we passed on your letter to the clots who produced that TV programme Charlie was watching. Their answer was that the part called for a 'STRAIGHT' actor! So that's it!*

Alf and Cos.

German

American

Russian

Australian

British

French

In battle order: great new Action Man fighting heroes

Now you can make Action Man into a world famous fighting hero – six fighting heroes to be exact! Authentically detailed 'Soldiers of the Century'. Australian Jungle Fighter, French Resistance Fighter, American Green Beret, British Infantryman, Russian Infantryman, and German Stormtrooper. Equipment and uniforms available together, or separately on budget cards. Either way means bags of fun – and more stars towards your free Action Men!

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ACTION man
SOLDIERS OF THE CENTURY
palitoy

TOY OF THE YEAR
N·A·T·R

Action Man Command BXL Toy Division, Coalville, Leicester

Charlie's Choice

THE TV SET WITH A DIFFERENCE...

OH, NO?

YOU DON'T STAND A CHANCE, CHARLIE!

TRY THAT FOR SIZE!

SEE! I WARNED YOU.

THE WINNER!

AFTER THE MATCH...

COR! TOMMY LICKED ME EASILY!

BACK HOME...

I'LL WATCH THE WRESTLING ON MY TV SET! I'M SURE TO GET SOME USEFUL TIPS, SO THAT I CAN BEAT TOMMY NEXT TIME!

COO! THAT'S JACKIE PALLO! HE'S GREAT!

TEE!HEE! LOOKS LIKE HE'S GOOD AT SLIPPING AS WELL AS WRESTLING!

HEE! HEE! OOH!

I'LL TEACH YOU TO LAUGH AT ME, YOU SQUIRT!

JUST LET ME GET MY HANDS ON YOU!

HELP! MERCY!

HE MUST BE AROUND HERE SOMEWHERE!

GOSH IT'S WET IN HERE—BUT IT'S BETTER THAN BEING IN AN ARM LOCK!

LOOKS LIKE I'VE GIVEN HIM THE SLIP!

MINUTES LATER...
HE'S SURE TO COME BACK THIS WAY LOOKING FOR ME! I'LL REALLY GIVE HIM THE SLIP THIS TIME!

GRRR! WAIT TILL I GET MY HANDS ON HIM!

WHOOSH!

HELP!

IF I LAY MY HANDS ON THAT CHARLIE—I'LL GIVE HIM A FULL NELSON!

GRR! WHERE IS HE?

BUT TIME IS RUNNING OUT FOR JACKIE PALLO! HE'S BEGINNING TO SHRINK TO TV SIZE...

O.K., PALLO. SO YOU WANT TO WRESTLE, EH?

OOER! N-NO! I G-GIVE IN!

TEE! HEE! AND I DIDN'T LAY A HAND ON HIM!

HE-ELP! SAVE ME FROM CHARLIE!

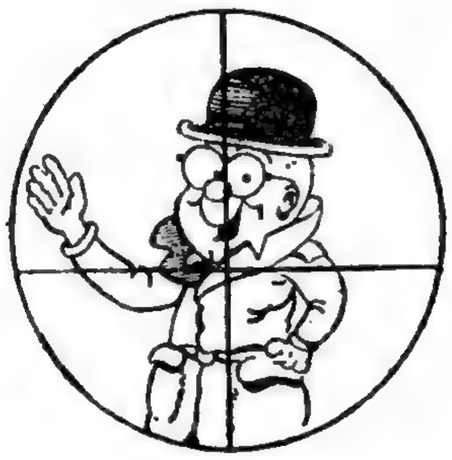
NEXT DAY, AT THE SCHOOL GYM...

YOU WON'T FIND IT SO EASY THIS TIME, TOMMY!

SO LONG, TOMMY—SEEMS I GOT THE DROP ON **YOU**!

SEE! EAS!! IF I CAN LICK JACKIE PALLO— I CAN LICK **ANYONE**!

THE MAN FROM B.U.N.G.L.E.



THE MAN FROM B.U.N.G.L.E. IS IN DR. GOOLE'S HANDS YET AGAIN—HOWEVER HE HAS BEEN GRANTED ONE LAST CIGARETTE BEFORE BEING SHOT—SOME CIGARETTE!!!

BORED

THIS IS WHAT IS KNOWN AS PLAYING FOR TIME!

TWO HOURS LATER...

ONLY A FOOT OR SO LEFT—AND I STILL HAVEN'T COME UP WITH ANYTHING THAT MIGHT SAVE MY SKIN —MY BRAIN'S ALL FOGGY!

COR! FOGGY! THAT'S IT!

HAVE SOME SMOG, DOG! HEH! HEH!

AAGH! HE'S FOGGED UP MY PEEPERS! I CAN'T SEE A THING!

LUCKILY I CAN SEE THROUGH THIS BLINDFOLD—BIG BORIS HAS A HOLE IN HIS HANKY!

ZOOM!

AAGH! DON'T STAND THERE—AFTER THE TWERP! HE MUST BE STOPPED AT ALL COSTS!

STABLE CORRIDOR

TUG!

THAT'S BETTER— I CAN SEE CLEARLY NOW! I WONDER WHAT OLD GOOLE'S UP TO IN THIS DISUSED BULL-RING? I'VE GOT TO FIND OUT!

HEH! HEH! FIFI SAW HIM ENTER THE STABLE —THIS TIME THERE SHALL BE NO MISTAKE!

SNORT! SNORT!

H-HELP! WH-WHAT'S THAT? G-GULP!

AAGH! IT'S A FIGHTING BULL—OLD GOOLE MUST'VE STOCKED UP THE PLACE AGAIN!

SNORT!

THUNDER OF HOOVES!

I THINK I'D RATHER BE A GOOLE-FIGHTER THAN A BULL-FIGHTER! GULP!

OLĒ! G-GULP!

SHAKE!

TREMBLE!

PHEW! I'M OKAY! OLĒ! GULP!

R-RIP!

GRAAGH! THAT GREAT LUMP OF SPANISH BEEF HAS RIPPED MY ONLY JACKET!

SNIGGER!

GRR! YOU'LL SUFFER FOR THIS! I'VE STILL GOT TWO INSTALMENTS TO PAY ON IT YET!

SPANISH FLEA!

SOMEHOW, THERE'S SOMETHING NOT QUITE RIGHT ABOUT THIS!

MEANWHILE...

HEH! HEH! THE MAN FROM B.U.N.G.L.E. WILL BE NO MORE NOW—WE CAN COMMENCE OUR PLANS TO TAKE OVER THE WORLD, BORIS!

TEA UP!

THAT CAN WAIT, FIFI—BORIS WILL TELL YOU MY DIABOLICALLY BRILLIANT PLAN!

IT'S *DIABOLICAL* ALL RIGHT—THE BOSS HAS INVENTED A FIENDISH NEW SOAP THAT PRODUCES 3,000 CUBIC FEET OF SUFFOCATING LATHER ON CONTACT WITH WATER—AND EVERYONE'S GOT TO WASH *SOMETIME!* SNIGGER!

OOH! IT'S BRILLIANT!

YOU DESERVE A CUP OF FIFI'S TEA FOR THAT, YOU LOVELY, *LOVELY* MAN!

THERE'S NO TEA COMING OUT—SOMETHING MUST BE BLOCKING THE TAP!

SUFFERING SOAPSUDS! WHAT ON EARTH'S *THIS?*

ER—I GOT MY THUMB STUCK IN THE TAP-HOLE! *GULP!*

AAGH! IT'S THE MAN FROM B.U.N.G.L.E.! *HE'S* COME BACK TO *HAUNT ME!*

THAT'S NO GHOST! *IT'S REAL!* AND HE'S OVERHEARD YOUR PLANS, BOSS!

I THINK I'LL JOIN THE TEA SET—I'M **SET** ON GETTING RID OF THAT TWERP WITH THIS CYANIDE! *HEH! HEH!*

CYANIDE!

GLUG!

OPEN UP HIS CAKEHOLE, BORIS—LARRY'S JOINING US FOR TEA! *SNIGGER!*

BUBBLE!

GURGLE!

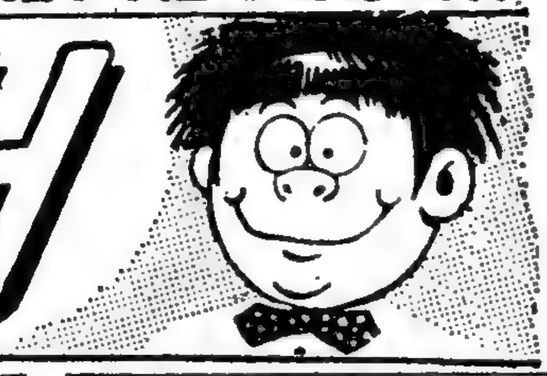
ER—CAN'T I HAVE COFFEE? G-GULP!

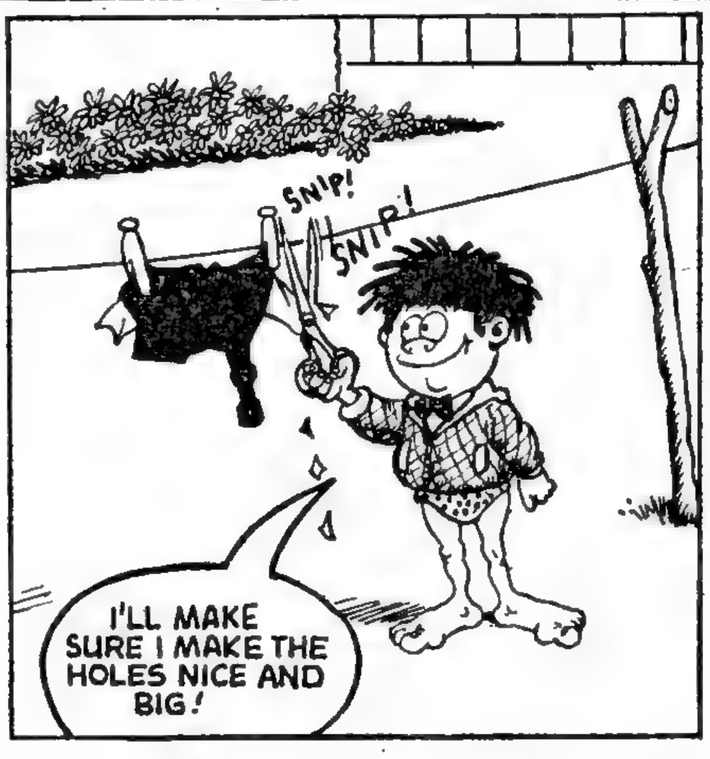
THE ROTTEN TWERP DIDN'T EVEN PUT SUGAR IN IT—*AND I HATE TEA WITHOUT SUGAR!*

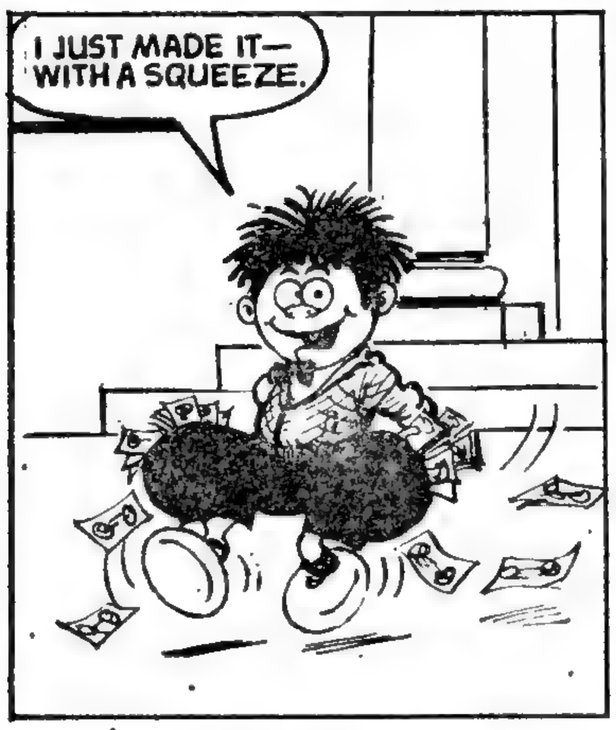
NEXT WEEK: "OPEN WIDE, PLEASE!"

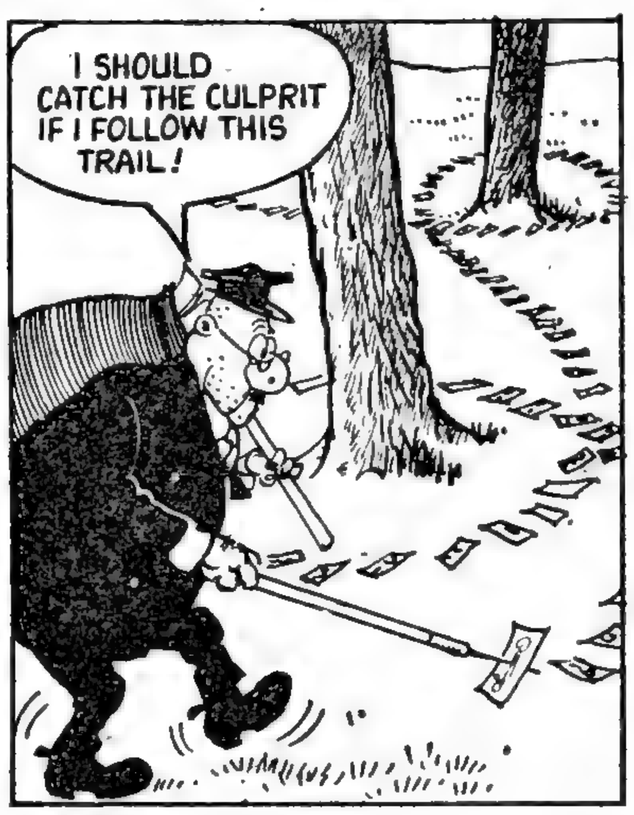
HE'LL INHERIT A MILLION—*IF* HE CAN SPEND THE MONEY HE'S GOT...

RONNIE RICH









MEET . . . Mister Knowall

He knows everything there is to know about everything—and he's here to show you what a load of laughs it is to be a Knowall, too !

WAY OUT PUZZLE!

A prisoner was locked in a cell with the window high above his head. The cell was surrounded by a high wall. Outside was an armed guard. How did the prisoner escape?

He stood on his dignity and climbed through the window. Then he gave the wall a lot of hard stares and climbed up them. On the top his heart sank and he went down with it. Once on the ground he heaved a sigh of relief at the guard which flattened him. This made the prisoner laugh himself hoarse and he rode away on it.

DID YOU KNOW?

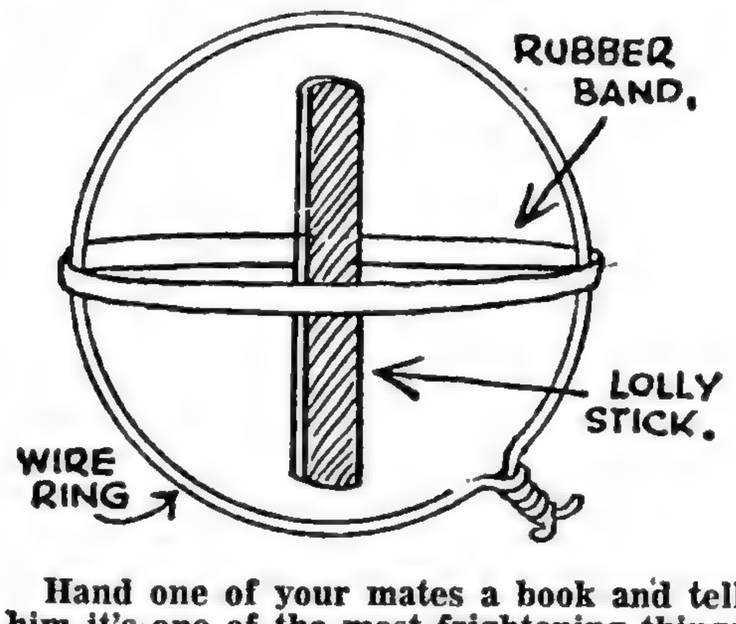
What do bees do with their honey?

They "cell" it!

IT'S A FIDDLE

What would you say if somebody mixed up some pepper and salt and told you to sort out the grains of pepper from the salt with a comb? Impossible! No—it can be done, and quite easily! Just give the comb a good rub on your sleeve and then hold it over the mixture. Static electricity will make the pepper jump up to the comb. Quite a trick—and not to be sneezed at, unless you get your nose too near the pepper!

BOOK SCARER



Hand one of your mates a book and tell him it's one of the most frightening things you've ever read. Dare him to open the book at the marker. Tell him you can guarantee he'll be real scared. And when he opens that book, he'll jump higher than Ol' Greenskin himself.

This is because your book 'scarer' will whizz right out at him. And it's dead easy to make. First, form a ring of wire and twist the ends firmly together. Now stretch a rubber band over the middle of the ring. Push a piece of lolly stick between the band and twist it round and round as tight as it will go. Open a book and put this in it. Take care not to let go of the lolly stick until you've got the book closed enough to prevent it from turning. Put a paper book mark in the place as well. When that page is opened, your book scarer will kick up a terrific whizz!

£1 FOR KNOWALLS
TO:- MR. KNOWALL,
SMASH, 64 LONG ACRE, W.C.2

FREE! 10 NEW RALEIGH MUSTANG BICYCLES TO BE WON

These sporty machines have high rise handlebars, short sports mudguards and a three-speed Sturmey Archer gear with 'Sport-shift' stub-type gear lever. They've got banana shaped pole saddles, sweptwing chainguards and lightweight Endrick rims.

This fabulous competition appears this week in all five of the Power Comics - FANTASTIC - TERRIFIC - SMASH - WHAM - POW . . . and it will be repeated every week in all five comics for the next six weeks. Thus, each week you can compete on an entry coupon from any or all of the 'POWER-packed' five.

What is more, you can send your entries in now or, to save postage, you can keep them and send all your entries in together at the end of the contest.

What a FANTASTIC offer! Start entering this TERRIFIC competition now . . . and as often as you can - POW! WHAM! SMASH! *you* can win one of our ten super bikes - FREE!

HOW TO ENTER Pierrots on the piers are strictly for squares! What we want is pops in the Pavilion!

Imagine you were to be the producer of a pop show to run for the summer at a British seaside resort. If you could book TEN of the turns listed on your free entry coupon, which TEN would you choose in order to make the show the most entertaining one and a sure-fire success?

Simply place a cross (X) in the blank spaces next to the TEN turns you select. You don't have to worry about the order in which they will appear—just mark ten crosses.

If you are aged 10 or under you may complete the entries in pencil: older readers MUST use ink—pen or ball-point.

Next, add your age and your name and address in block letters, and post your entry in a sealed envelope (4d. postage) to the address shown on your entry coupon. Remember, you can post your coupon(s) now or you can save them until the end of the competition. All entries must arrive by not later than FRIDAY, 8th SEPTEMBER, 1967.

RULES There are ten prizes, each of a Raleigh Mustang bicycle. All entries will be examined, and the prizes awarded to the ten competitors who have, in the opinion of the judges, shown the most skill and judgment in selecting the ten turns which, together, would make a seaside summer pop show the most entertaining one and a sure-fire success. Should there be more than ten such entries, those tying will be invited to enter a free eliminating contest to decide the ten winners. No reader can win more than one award.
The competition is open to all readers in the U.K. and Eire other than children of employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and associated companies. Each reader is allowed to submit one entry coupon every week from each of the five Power comics in which this competition appears.
The decisions of the Managing Editor and the judges are final in all matters relating to the competition, and no correspondence will be entered into. The result will be published in the five Power Comics.

Cut around the broken line

FREE ENTRY FORM – POWER POP COMPETITION

Place a cross (X) in the blank space against each of the TEN turns you select

Bachelors	
Barron Knights	
Cat Stevens	
Cliff Richard	
Dusty Springfield	
Freddie and the Dreamers	
Ken Dodd	
Lulu	
Mammas and Peppas	
Manfred Mann	
Monkees	
Paul and Barry Ryan	
Petula Clark	
Sandie Shaw	
Seekers	
Shadows	
Tom Jones	
Tremeloes	
Val Doonican	
Walker Brothers	

AGE ..... NAME .....
(Block letters)

ADDRESS .....

(Block letters)

.....

.....

Post your entry to: POWER POP COMPETITION, 96 LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.99. 22.7.67

IT'S THE RUBBER MAN!

*FOR A FEW HOPE-SURGING MINUTES **RUBBER-MAN** HAS BEEN RETURNED TO NORMAL FLESH AND BLOOD. THEN ABJECT DESPAIR FOLLOWS AS HIS BODY BECOMES ALL **RUBBER** AGAIN. BUT ELSE-WHERE IN ROME, TWO EVIL MEN ARE UNAWARE OF THEIR ENEMY'S SECOND BODILY CHANGE...*

IN THEIR HIDEOUT, DOCTOR GLOOM AND HIS HENCHMEN GLOAT...

YOU'RE SURE OF THIS? YOU'RE QUITE CERTAIN THAT RUBBERMAN IS NOW ***JUST LIKE ANY OTHER MAN?***

I SAW IT WITH MY OWN EYES, DOCTOR. IT MUST HAVE BEEN THAT MOLECULAR MACHINE OF PROFESSOR LEPPO'S THAT DID IT...!

NOW WE CAN DESTROY HIM... FOR HE KNOWS TOO MUCH ABOUT ME. BUT TO MAKE SURE THERE ARE NO MISTAKES THIS TIME... ***I SHALL COME WITH YOU!***

IT'LL BE DARK IN AN HOUR, DOCTOR, THEN WE'LL START LOOKING FOR HIM!

NIGHT FALLS UPON THE CITY—BUT FOR ONE MAN, THERE IS NO HOPE OF TURNING HIS TORTURED MIND TO THOUGHTS OF SLEEP...

AM I DOOMED FOREVER TO REMAIN A FREAK? IS THERE **ANY** HOPE FOR ME...?

WHEREVER I GO, PEOPLE POINT AND WHISPER! "THERE HE IS... A MAN MADE OF RUBBER! HE'S NOT LIKE YOU AND I.. ***HE'S A FREAK!***"

IN EVERY SENSE ALONE, RUBBERMAN CRIES ALOUD HIS ANGUISH...

...THIS IS MY CURSE! HOW CAN I ENDURE IT MUCH LONGER?

DOCTOR GLOOM AND HIS ASSISTANT DO NOT HEAR HIS CRY... NOR DO THEY SEE THAT RUBBERMAN'S ARMS HAVE RETRACTED BACK TO NORMAL LENGTH...

THERE HE IS. I WAS BEGINNING TO THINK WE'D NEVER FIND HIM. HE DOESN'T LOOK ANY TOO HAPPY ABOUT NOT BEING RUBBER ANY MORE, DOES HE?

ENOUGH BABBLING. CONCENTRATE ON THE TASK BEFORE US! DRIVE STRAIGHT AT HIM!

NEXT MOMENT...

DOCTOR GLOOM!

CLOSER, OTTO! ***CLOSER!***

THEN OTTO GASPS WITH ICY FEAR...

HE'S NOT FALLING! YET I SAW THE BULLETS HIT HIM! HE... ***LOOK!***

YOU FOOL! HE'S **STILL** MADE OF RUBBER! THAT'S WHY WE'RE NOT HARMING HIM...!

TYRES SCREAM AS OTTO WRENCHES THE WHEEL...

LOOK OUT, FOOL! BE CAREFUL...!

WE'RE NO MATCH FOR HIM NOW! HANG ON... I'M GETTING US OUT OF HERE!

ROCKED OFF BALANCE, THE CAR SLEWS WILDLY—— AND...

WE'RE GOING OVER! WE...AAAAAGGH-HHHHHH!

THEN...

AAAGHH!

EEEE-AAAAGHH-HHH!

THEY'VE PERISHED—— BOTH OF THEM! I COULD NOT EVEN GET TO THEM

AT LEAST THE MENACE OF DOCTOR GLOOM IS NOW OVER. HE...AND THAT KILLER OF HIS... MUST HAVE BEEN KILLED INSTANTLY!

EVEN THOUGH MIRACULOUSLY HE HAS ESCAPED DEATH, DOCTOR GLOOM IS FILLED WITH FEAR...

I MUST GET BACK! SOON IT WILL BE LIGHT... I MUST GET BACK TO SHELTER—— TO **DARKNESS!**

BUT HALFWAY DOWN THE SLOPE A SHADOW MOVES...

THEN FATE, IN THE SHAPE OF A ROMAN POLICE-MAN, INTERVENES...

WAIT A MOMENT, SIGNOR! I WISH TO QUESTION YOU...!

NO! NO! CAN'T YOU SEE? THE LIGHT IS HERE! I MUST NOT STOP... I MUST REACH DARKNESS...!

BUT...

WAIT, I SAID!

AAAGHHH! YOU'VE UNCOVERED THE HOLE IN MY SLEEVE! THE LIGHT... IT'S POURING INTO ME!

WITHIN SECONDS...

THE LIGHT! THE LIGHT! AAAHH!

FRIGHTENED AND ENRAGED BY THE LIGHT—THERE'S **NO TELLING WHAT DOCTOR GLOOM WILL DO**—SO WATCH OUT FOR NEXT WEEK'S ISH!

THE NERVS

IN FATTY'S BRAIN DEPARTMENT...

BRAIN DEPT.

YAHOO! A GOAL!

THUMP!

OOH! I'VE GOT A THUMPING HEADACHE – OOH! THE PAIN!

THUMP!

TAKE THAT ASPIRIN – THAT'LL CURE IT!

HUH! HOW CAN A LITTLE PILL LIKE THAT CURE A THUMPING GREAT HEADACHE?

I'LL TRY ANYTHING – HERE GOES!

IN FATTY'S TUM DEPARTMENT...

IT'S TERRY'S BIRTHDAY TODAY – I'VE ICED A SMASHING BIRTHDAY CAKE FOR HIM – IT'S TAKEN ME ALL DAY!

WHOOSH!

???

HELP! WH–WHAT'S THIS?

OH, NO! IT'S FLATTENED THE CAKE – ALL MY GOOD WORK RUINED!

SPLUDGE!

BOO! HOO! I CAN'T EVEN ICE *ANOTHER* CAKE – MY ICER'S BEEN MANGLED, TOO!

GRR! I BET IT'S THOSE BLINKING BRAIN NERVS PLAYING FOOTBALL AGAIN THAT'S CAUSED IT – I'LL THUMP THEM FOR THIS!

ZOOM!

GRR! OPEN UP. LET ME IN, YOU TWERPS!

"BRAIN" DEPART-MENT.

THUMP! THUMP!

OH, DEAR! THAT ASPIRIN ISN'T DOING ANY GOOD AT ALL – MY HEAD'S STILL THUMPING!

THUMP! THUMP! THUMP! THUMP! THUMP! THUMP!

AND IN THE BRAIN DEPARTMENT...

CRASH! THUMP! THUMP! THUD!

G-GULP! IT'S COOKY! HE'S AS MAD AS A HATTER – AND HE'S GOT A WHACKING GREAT C-CLUB WITH HIM!

LET ME IN! *LET ME IN!*

QUICK! IN HERE, LADS – WE'LL BE SAFE IN THE BRAIN BOX! IT LOCKS FROM THE INSIDE!

YOU D-DON'T HAVE TO ASK ME TWICE – I'M C-COMING!

NEXT MOMENT...

CRASH!

GRR! WHERE ARE THEY? LET ME GET AT THEM!

AAGH! THE ROTTEN, LITTLE COWARDS – THEY'RE HIDING IN THE BRAIN BOX!

BASH!

THUMP!

HEH! HEH! BUZZ OFF – YOU'LL NEVER BREAK THIS BOX!

FATTY'S HEADACHE IS WORSE THAN EVER, NOW...

OOH! OOH! THAT ASPIRIN'S NO BLINKING GOOD – MY HEADACHE'S GETTING WORSE!

THROB!

BUMP!

THUMP!

IN THE BRAIN DEPARTMENT...

BAH! I'LL THUMP THEM SOME OTHER TIME – I'M OFF!

YAHOO! HE'S GONE – WE DIDN'T GET THUMPED!

ON WITH THE GAME! THE TWERP'S EVEN LEFT THE BALL!

GOAL! HEH! HEH!

THUMP!

AAGH! WHAT'S WRONG WITH IT?

PHHHH!

WAA-AAH! THE DIRTY ROTTER! WE CAN'T PLAY ANY MORE – HE'S PINCHED THE BLADDER OUT OF IT!

AND SO...

GOSH! THAT ASPIRIN DID THE TRICK AFTER ALL! MY HEADACHE'S GONE – NO MORE THUMPING!

IN THE TUM DEPARTMENT...

HEH! HEH! I FIXED THEM – AND THEIR BLADDER MAKES A SMASHING NEW ICER-TERRY *WILL* GET AN ICED BIRTHDAY CAKE, AFTER ALL!

INCHMAN

FOILS GOLD BANDITS WITH ASTON-MARTIN DB6

On holiday in Sicily, Inchman hears on the high-powered radio of his DB6 that a millionaire's yacht carrying gold bullion has been ship-wrecked. Local bandits hear the same message and plan to hi-jack the gold.

'INCHMAN IMMEDIATELY RADIOS THE YACHT HE'S ON HIS WAY. THE RISING SUN FLASHES ON THE WIRE WHEELS OF THE POWERFUL ASTON AS INCH-MAN RACES TO THE STRICKEN YACHT

THIS IS WHERE 325 BHP REALLY COUNT!

THE DINKY ASTON-MARTIN DB6 HAS REALISTIC WIRE WHEELS, SUSPENSION AND FINGER-TIP STEERING

BANDITS!

INCHMAN SCREECHES TO A HALT OPPOSITE THE WRECK. AS HE FLINGS OPEN THE DOOR A BULLET WHINES PAST! THE DINKY DB6 HAS TWO OPENING DOORS AND TIPPING SEATS

DUCKING FROM ROCK TO ROCK INCHMAN REACHES THE BEACH, WITH BULLETS ZIPPING OVERHEAD...

PULL ON THOSE OARS OR WE'RE DONE FOR!

THEY PILE THE GOLD INTO THE BOOT AND SCRAMBLE ABOARD

THE DINKY DB6 HAS OPENING BOOT AND BONNET AND A DETAILED ENGINE

THE ENGINE WON'T START!

OPENING THE BONNET INCHMAN SPOTS A SEVERED H.T. LEAD. HE TWISTS THE ENDS TOGETHER AND THEY'RE AWAY!

LET'S SEE THAT MERC. TRY AND CATCH US NOW!

INCHMAN RADIOS AHEAD TO THE AIRPORT AND A TRANSPORT PLANE IS READIED WITH ITS RAMP LOWERED. INCHMAN HAS SAVED THE GOLD WITH THE HELP OF THE WORLD'S FASTEST 4-SEATER CAR

UP WITH THE RAMP AND GET AIRBORNE!

YOU. TOO. CAN HAVE LOTS OF ACTION-PACKED EXCITEMENT WITH THE FANTASTIC NEW DINKY ASTON-MARTIN D B 6
ASK FOR MODEL Nº 153 PRICE 10/9d

DINKY ASTON-MARTIN DB6 has opening doors, tipping seats, fitted interior, wire wheels, suspension and finger-tip steering, realistic head-lights, opening boot, opening bonnet and detailed engine.

THERE'S ALWAYS SOMETHING NEW FROM

DINKY TOYS.

Precision die-cast scale models made by Meccano Ltd. and sold by Hamleys, Harrods, Gamages, Selfridges, and all good toy shops.